

# The True Northerner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
By T. R. HARRISON.  
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PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1888.

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## CLIPPINGS.

WHY HE BIT ON HIM.—A Virginia relation, an anecdote of Mr. W. W. famous stamping tour before the last gubernatorial election. He was introduced to a famous character of their county, Mr. F. W. when the following conversation occurred:

Mr. F.—"Glad to see you, Mr. W." Mr. W.—"Happy to see you, Mr. F." Mr. F.—"Sorry I can't vote for you, Mr. W."

Mr. W.—"Sorry for that, too; but this is a free country—a man can vote as he pleases."

Mr. F.—"But I'll bet on you, Mr. W."

Mr. W.—"Glad to hear that from you, Mr. F., as you are a man of discernment in all betting matters."

Mr. F.—"Let me tell you a story. Some years ago I was at the Richmond races. There were several fine looking horses entered. Presently they led in the ugliest, gauntest, scrawniest looking beast that ever you did see; but he had fire in his eye. I got my odds I pleased, and won every bet. So, if I can't vote for you, Mr. W., I'll give my death bet for you."

Wise laughed heartily, and accepted the remarks of Mr. F. as a good omen; which was in a few weeks afterwards verified by the result of the elections.

LANDLORD.—"Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best table in this city." Editor.—"I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis." Landlord.—"I thought that you were glad to get something to fill up your paper." Editor.—"I thought you were glad to feed me for nothing." It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Exit landlord in a rage.

"Why, Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell me the monkey?" "Oh, yes I can, massa!" "Well who did?" "Well the same one that made you, massa!"

A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

A little boy said he thought "the comet God's Railroad car, in which He went riding through the sky."

## POETRY.

### FIRST COUPLE.

Light woman, a glance and grace,  
Wait Eve to Adam was given,  
He gazed upon her beautiful face,  
And thought that earth indeed was heaven.  
Each day some new delight appeared,  
Each hour some new attractions sprang;  
And found each link of life endeared,  
At last she found that she'd a tongue.

Close hid within those ruby gates,  
With all those heavenly guards to screen it,  
He heard her tongue—tradition says—  
An hour or two before he'd seen it.  
She teased as only woman can,  
A power they've kept for ages long—  
Her plan was still the better plan,  
Her tongue by far the better tongue.

Despite her charms, that sweetly beamed,  
That thought perfection she, it seemed,  
A great mistake to make her speak.  
Yet she was precious to his heart,  
And as for faults—why, she was young,  
He would not with an atom part,  
No—not a jot, except her tongue.

From the True Flag.  
**The Mysterious Gambler.**  
BY AN OLD STAGER.

I have made several passages up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and never without seeing on board the steamers more or less professional gamblers. It is a thriving business on the boats where time hangs heavily on the hands of the passengers, and the blacklegs carry off large sums of money. They usually remain on board but a day or two—long enough to have their true character exposed.

This gentry had become such an intolerable nuisance that the captains of the boats did not knowingly permit one to come on board; and not infrequently a brace of blacklegs were landed in the woods when their profession was discovered.

During one of my trips the boat put in at the mouth of the Arkansas river, and as usual, I took a stroll on shore. I heard the bell for the departure of the steamer, and hastened back to the landing. As I was on my way, I was overtaken by a green gogole, and a white necktie, engaged along with a large valise.

"I am rather late, am I not?" said he, as he joined me.

"True enough, sir," I replied respectfully for the gentleman a clergyman, a Methodist itinerant, as I supposed.

"My valise is rather heavy, and I feared I should lose the boat."

"Let me help you carry it, sir."

He accepted my civil offer, and I took hold of the valise, which was certainly loaded very heavy for a Methodist parson. In a few moments we reached the steamer and I passed on board; but my new acquaintance had accomplished but half the distance, when the plank canted, and he was thrown into the river. Fortunately for him, I was prompt in my efforts to rescue him, and he was immediately drawn on board, with no other detriment than a thorough drenching.

My friend, whom, as I never learned his name, I shall have to call the Rev. Mr. Goggles, retired to a vacant state-room. It was now nearly dark and I did not see him again that night.

As usual, in the evening, there was a table in the cabin, devoted to cards; in a word, there was gambling without stint. No one objected to the practice, so long as it was not done by professional blacklegs. I never played but I often stood by the table to observe the progress of the game, and study the looks of the players, as they were agitated by the fickle chances of a moment.

While I was thus watching them, I observed on the opposite side of the table a well dressed gentleman, who was regarding with eager interest the plays of the gamblers. He manifested a desire to engage in the place of one who had been "cleaned out."

It was soon apparent that the new comer was a skillful player, and time after time he swept the board of all that had been staked. In a short time his companions had enough of it and withdrew. He had won a large sum of money, and was evidently satisfied with his evening's work.

He smoked on the boiler deck until all the passengers had retired, and then left. Much curiosity had been manifested to know who and what he was. Nobody had seen him before, and nobody remembered when he came on board, and what seemed most singular of all, he was not seen the next day though the boat was not stopped during the night.

The next day was Sunday, and at breakfast time my Methodist friend made his appearance.

"My young friend, I have to thank you for the good service you did for me last evening. I am poor; I have none of this world's goods. I trust that all my treasures are laid up in heaven. But the Lord will reward you, if I cannot."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir. I am happy to have been the means of saving you."

We conversed a while upon the matter, and my friend then spoke of having a service on board, if agreeable to the passengers.

Of course it was agreeable, and the parson prayed and exhorted, and said that would have done honor to the most celebrated of the revivalists.

The impression produced by the service I am sorry to say, was not permanent. When evening came, the gaming tables spread out as usual, and the gambler commenced. The mysterious gambler appeared again, much to the surprise of the passengers, and he was the same as before. He played, and swept the board as before. Some of the gamblers began to think he was the devil in disguise, and their belief was almost confirmed when the next day nothing could be found of him.

The passengers made him the subject of their conversation, and quite an excitement was kindled. The captain swore, if he ever appeared again, he would throw him into the river. A thorough search was made for him, but all in vain. My Methodist friend was especially interested, and believed it would be a good plan to hang every gambler. As soon as the character was discovered, I agreed with him entirely.

One young man from Cincinnati, particularly distressed in the winter, the appearance of the blackleg, for he had under the influence of an overdose of brandy, staked and lost a half eagle, which his mother had given him just before her death. It was not the loss of the money that distressed him, for he had plenty of that, but it was the associations connected with the coin itself. There was a history belonging to it, he said, and he would give the gambler double the value of it, if he would return it, with a little ring attached to it.

That evening to the disappointment of all on board, who were prepared to deal with him in a summary manner, the blackleg did not appear. Man or devil, he had the means of knowing of the indignation his acts had caused. There was a strange mystery about him. Every part of the steamer was again searched in vain for him, and it seemed certain that he could not have gone ashore.

The next day I was talking with the Rev. Mr. Goggles, not about the gambler, but on general topics. Of course, his life and how cheaply he lived and traveled from place to place; that he was often hungry, and never had ten dollars at once.

"I have only five, now," he said; and to verify his statement, he took from his pocket a half eagle.

I glanced at it. There was a ring in it, with a ring attached! It was clearly the property of the young man from Cincinnati.

"What is this ring for?" I asked.

"This piece was given to me by a woman in Arkansas, who was confided in by me."

The liar! I had already made up my mind that he was an impostor, in short, that he was the mysterious gambler. Before dinner, I had an opportunity to whisper my view to the captain, and while we were at dinner, his state room was searched. A large sum of money was found there, and many of the gambler's tools, as well as the dress "unknown" had worn.

"Parson, can you swim?" asked the captain as the Reverend Mr. Goggles came upon the boiler deck.

"A little," he replied with a demure smile.

"You will have a chance to try; I am going to throw you overboard."

The captain took him by the collar, and explained the matter to the astonished passengers, who were quite ready to assist in emptying his pockets, and then throwing him overboard. The money taken from him was paid over to his victims.

The last we saw of him, he was swimming vigorously towards the shore, cursing the captain with quite as much zeal as he had used in praying and exhorting.

The young man from Cincinnati got his cherished coin, and I trust, learned a useful lesson.

Bayard Taylor, who revels in the world of colors with a forty-woman sensibility, thus exquisitely describes the crown jewels in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg:

The stones are of the largest and rarest kind, and the splendor of their tints is a delicious intoxication to the eye. The soul of all the fiery robes of Persia lives in these rubies; the freshness of all velvet award, whether in Alpine valley or English lawn, in these emeralds; the bloom of southern seas in these sapphires, and the essence of a thousand harvest moons in these necklaces of pearl.

TATTLING.—Like a bell that rang for fire; like a ceaseless auctioneer; like oft-times a graceless liar; mischief making stopping you with quaking fear, whispering, as you lend an ear, "Mersey on us, did you hear? Betsy Bean has got a bean?"

## A Tragedy in Real Life—The way of the Transgressor.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of Assistant Postmaster under Mr. Dorsheimer, and was for many years intrusted with the more important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist churches, upright in every walk of life, married, and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward paths of virtue as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of that port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case in the city were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office he was intimate in the family of Mr. F., one of his assistants. Mrs. F. was young and beautiful, impressionable, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden disappearance of Case with Mrs. F., and the simultaneous discovery that he had been ded with government funds to the amount of some \$4,000. From that time forward nearly all trace of the guilty pair was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F. engaged in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now, from the sea come tidings, a broken, half-told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never-ceasing remorse, with pitiful and solitary bays in far away islands and on the stormy shores of the Indian ocean. Both victims of unhalloved passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer, still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of his sorrow.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

In connection with this statement, the Commercial publishes a letter from Mr. Francis, in Wisconsin, enclosing two from Case. The letters of the latter are dated "on-board ship-at-sea, Aug. 20, 1882," and the principal one is directed to Mr. Francis, the husband whose wife he seduced.

Case's crime above recorded.

Mrs. F., the unfortunate victim of illicit love, died in Ceylon, in June, 1886, of a disease of the climate, in the deepest melancholy, after exacting incessant promises that her child—her dear little daughter, which she had taken with her in her flight, should be returned to the arms of her bereaved father.

Mr. Francis Case endeavored faithfully to fulfill, and started with her himself for Ceylon in order to put her in charge of a nurse who would carry out the last request of her dying mother, but the child, who had been failing constantly since her mother's death, was unable to survive the journey, and died on the 19th of July 1885, and was buried at sea. The letter is written as if from out the depths of the deepest anguish, is full of self reproaches and evidences of sincere penitence while his expressions of never-failing sympathy for those whom he has so deeply wronged, shows that he is fully sensible of the enormity of his crimes.

The tone of the letter, and the state of Case's mind, may be inferred from a few quotations. In addressing the husband whom he had so foully injured he says:

Your former wife died in June, 1886, of a disease of the climate, which was aggravated by a previous one from which she suffered while in Mauritius. In that island both her and myself were very ill of the fever. My own recovery was tho't hopeless, and indeed it was reported that I was dead. This, of course, coming to her knowledge, had a severe and injurious effect upon her. But as these particulars are of less consequence, I will say no more on this point. In course of time we both recovered, and, on gaining sufficient strength, again took passage on a trading vessel to Ceylon, in search of a better climate.

We went to the mountainous regions of that tropical island, near the city of Kandy, where the air is cool, and, to most people, healthier than other parts of India. There we lived many months in comparative quiet, but fever again overtook her who was the mother of your child, and though she lingered long and suffered much, no human means could restore her. Here, no sensibilities became more acute as she failed in strength, and with the first loss of hope of recovery, she became anxiously distressed to secure the restoration of her dear little child to its bereaved father. She was incessant in exacting promises from me that, if I lived, I should be taken, or sent back safely to you. From these demands I had no wish to escape. My only anxiety was to do anything in my power to afford a small consolation, in the strongest assurances I could make, that her wishes should be carried out. Although, after the mother was gone from me forever, the poor child became dearer to me. She was all I had left. Yet, as I had promised her poor mother, and as that mother had sacrificed the world and everything on earth for my sake, I had not the slightest thought or wish to neglect the discharge of the responsible, and to me, fearful duty. During all her last illness, she regretted

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having brought the child away, but having then much hope of the happiness we might enjoy, and anxious to be less alone in the world, she could never think of leaving E. behind; claiming, as her mother, that she had stronger personal right to a daughter than his father, whom she was about to leave forever.

After this sad and dreadful time, I constantly and anxiously sought an opportunity to send the child to you, or her grandfather's family, where you would eventually obtain her. My object was to find some good, trustworthy woman, or a family going to America, but such a chance never offered in a single instance.

If I have sinned, God in Heaven only knows how I have sinned, and, to your cruel benevolence, I have cursed the time that came so fully fulfilled. And now, what I have so solemnly engaged to do, and to fulfill the last duty to those I have so missed.

Before I go further, or into still more painful details, I beg you will allow me to say that I am free of the anxiety of C., and her constant efforts to renew my promise to her, and which were repeated only two days before her death, in the hope that you will forgive me more charity towards her memory. Let me trust that you will do so, and think and feel less severely towards her. She paid a bitter penalty for all the outrage that was committed upon you. In her last illness, she spoke often, feelingly and tenderly of you, with how much regret I need not say, but wishing to acknowledge to me that you had always treated her kindly and carefully, and that on her and myself alone rested the responsibility of that now fatal separation.

Painful as all this is, and however disastrous to me, I cannot feel at rest until I have done what little remains in my power, and when this packet leaves my hands, I shall have discharged the last and melancholy duty. I now suffer only from feelings of remorse and blighted hope in the fate that it is henceforth my lot to endure. But I will add no more, and all I can, or could say, may only disgust you for obvious reasons it is not, and cannot be, my purpose to speak of any details or particulars as to the past or the future, or indeed of myself, in any way. I trust you may never hear from me again, and only wish hope your future life may afford you, even yet, less of anguish than the past few years. If my life depends upon my present health, or my now limited means, my memory must be blotted out very soon.

But I yet remain humbly your unworthy,

HARLOW CASE.

## Japanese Jugglers.

A letter giving the following account of the feats of a juggler—the Anderson of Japan—performed before Mr. Townsend Harris, the American Consul General.

No. 1. He took a boy's ordinary top, spun in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword, near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword point a little, and the top moved slowly toward it. Arrived at the very end, the hilt was lowered in turn and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp.

No. 2. was also performed with a top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back towards it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself for a second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin.

No. 3. was still performed with the top. There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house, with a very large front door. The top was spun made to climb the pole, knock open the said front door, and disappear. As well as I remember, the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat.

But feat No. 4 was something even more astonishing than all this. He took two paper butterflies, armed himself with the usual paper fan, threw them into the air, and fanning gently, kept them flying about him as if they had been alive.

"He can make them alight wherever you wish! Try him!" remarked the Kami (priest) through the interpreter.

Mr. H.—requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there left them comfortably seated. Now whether this command over pieces of paper, was obtained simply by currents of air or by the power of a concealed magnet. Mr. H.—could not tell or ascertain. One thing however, was certain—the power was there.

The times are said to be so hard in Halifax that the two editors of the newspapers, published there, smoke the same cigar, taking it by turns.

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."